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in its principles; because, in every country, good government tends to make the majority educated and orderly, conservative and free."

"Nature is the true propagandist [of freedom], and Nature has freer sway in America than elsewhere."

"Every constitution is in danger when the nation advances beyond it to great conquests in morality, in social science, and in statesmanship. But even this advance is not revolutionary in America; for the nation but reverts to the *raison d'être*, the sanctions and origin of the nationality, and to the Declaration, its first authentic formula."

"As to democracy, to overthrow *that* there must be found a power more universal than the people's."

4. — *With General Sheridan in Lee's last Campaign.* By a Staff Officer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1866. 12mo. pp. 235.

THIS book takes us into the very heart of the army, from the 29th of April to the 9th of May, 1865. The story of the final military operations of the Rebellion, so far as they were directed or conducted by General Sheridan, is told here by one qualified to tell it well, alike by knowledge of the circumstances of the time and by acquaintance with the men by whom the great result was at last achieved. No one could have had better opportunities than the Staff Officer to obtain accurate knowledge of facts, and full understanding of the movements of that part of the army which, under General Sheridan, won so large a share of the honor of those eventful days. And in addition to these advantages, he possesses, as his book shows, the personal qualifications required for the due accomplishment of the task he set before himself. The frankness, candor, modesty, and manliness displayed in his pages win the confidence and regard of the reader. His style is rapid and vigorous, with the dash of the cavalry-man; and there are passages in the volume which indicate that its author has excellent purely literary abilities. A severe critic might find something to reprehend in an occasional flippancy of expression, and what might seem at first glance like levity of tone in dealing with serious affairs. But a careful reader will soon discover that these apparent defects are artifices intentionally adopted by the author, as a cloak to cover without concealing truth concerning passages in his story or individuals with whom he has to deal by name, which could not without impropriety or inconvenient consequences be set forth in its simple nakedness. Moreover, the air of a campaign is not that of a study or a drawing-room, and the Staff

Officer has done well in preserving the true local coloring, rather than to attempt to tone it down to the point required by the mere conventions of literature or good society.

The author is a friend and admirer of General Sheridan, and there are few of his readers who will not share with him his warm feeling in regard to the genius and services of this great commander. Next to General Grant in popular esteem, General Sheridan has secured for himself a sure place in the gratitude of his countrymen; and this little book, in its exhibition of his character and of his abilities, will deepen the public conviction in respect to the merits of a general not less distinguished by his modesty than by his gallantry and his military genius.

One of the most interesting chapters in the book, and of the most importance historically, is that which treats of the much-disputed facts concerning the relief of General Warren from command of the Fifth Corps, after the battle of Five Forks. The narrative of the circumstances attending this disgrace of an officer who had borne so high a reputation as General Warren, is conducted with such clearness of statement and such fairness of spirit, and is so confirmed by investigation of opposing accounts, as to convince the reader of the truth of the author's conclusion, that in this act "we may safely assume that General Sheridan was actuated by a simple and honorable desire to further the interests of the service." "General Sheridan, not doubting General Warren's entire loyalty, nor his gallantry, which was above suspicion, sincerely believed that he was not in a proper frame of mind to conduct vigorous operations; that he over-estimated the ability and strength of the enemy; that he hesitated to strike boldly, and impaired the efficiency of his corps by his own apathy; that, in fine, he was a millstone hanging about the necks of fifteen thousand men, and a clog to their steps toward victory."

The narrative of Sheridan's eager, breathless, and successful pursuit of Lee and the flying and dispirited Confederate army, of his fertility of resource, of his shrewd foresight, of his splendid rapidity and confidence during this final movement of the war, is inspired with the full spirit of those brilliant days. We share in the ardor of the chase, and in the joy and thankfulness of its triumphant close. There is no more interesting page in the military annals of America than that which records these events. The animated descriptions of the Staff Officer bring the scenes vividly before his reader's eyes. His account of the incidents of the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, and especially of the appearance of General Lee, is striking and picturesque. We cannot commend the book better than by citing it at length.

"Generals Grant, Ord, and Sheridan, with three or four staff officers each, went up to the Court-House, and of our staff there went three,—a senior aide, the chief of staff, and the adjutant-general. The town consists of about five houses, a tavern and a court-house, all on one street, and that was boarded up at one end to keep the cows out. On the right-hand side as we went in was the principal residence, owned by Mr. McLean; and to his house General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. At the fence the whole party dismounted, and, walking over a narrow grass-plot to the house, noticed General Lee's gray horse nibbling there in charge of an orderly, who was holding his own as well. General Grant entered the house with one or two of his staff, and the rest of us sat down on the piazza and waited. Mr. McLean was out there, too, but so much excited by his appreciation of passing events, that he did not know where his pump was, or if he had any, and if not, could n't tell us where there was a spring. In a moment Colonel Babcock came out, smiling, whirled his hat round his head once, and beckoned Generals Ord and Sheridan to come in. They walked the floor silently, as people do who have the first peep at a baby; and after a while General Lee came out and signalled to his orderly to bridle his horse. While this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and, looking over into the valley toward his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there, he appeared to be about sixty years of age, a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full gray beard, a new suit of gray clothes, a high, gray, felt hat, with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him; and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away. Just as he gathered up his bridle, General Grant went down the steps, and, passing in front of his horse, touched his hat to General Lee, who made a similar salute, and then left the yard and returned to his own lines with his orderly and the single staff officer who had accompanied him to the interview, and who was said to have been Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff, a quiet-looking man in spectacles, looking more like one of thought than of action. General Grant presented something of a contrast to General Lee in the way of uniform, not only in color, but in style and general effect. He had on a sugar-loaf hat, almost peculiar to himself, a frock coat, unbuttoned and splashed with mud, a dark vest, dark blue pantaloons tucked into top-boots, muddy also, and no sword. His countenance was n't relaxed at all, and not a muscle of his face told tales on his thoughts. If he was very much pleased by the surrender of Lee, nothing in his air or manner indicated it. The joyful occasion did n't seem to awaken in him a responsive echo, and he went and mounted his horse and rode away silently, to send off a despatch which should electrify the North, and set all the church-bells ringing jubilant vespers on this happy Sunday evening."